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SHAKESPEARE'S

ROMEO

AND

JULIET

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Christmas 1922



**THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET**

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From a painting by Frank Dicksee, R.A.

ROMEO: Have not saints lips, and holy Palmers too ?

ULIET: Ay, Pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ACT I, SCENE V.

THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JENNIE F. CHASE

TEACHER OF ENGLISH IN THE WILLIAM MCKINLEY
HIGH SCHOOL, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

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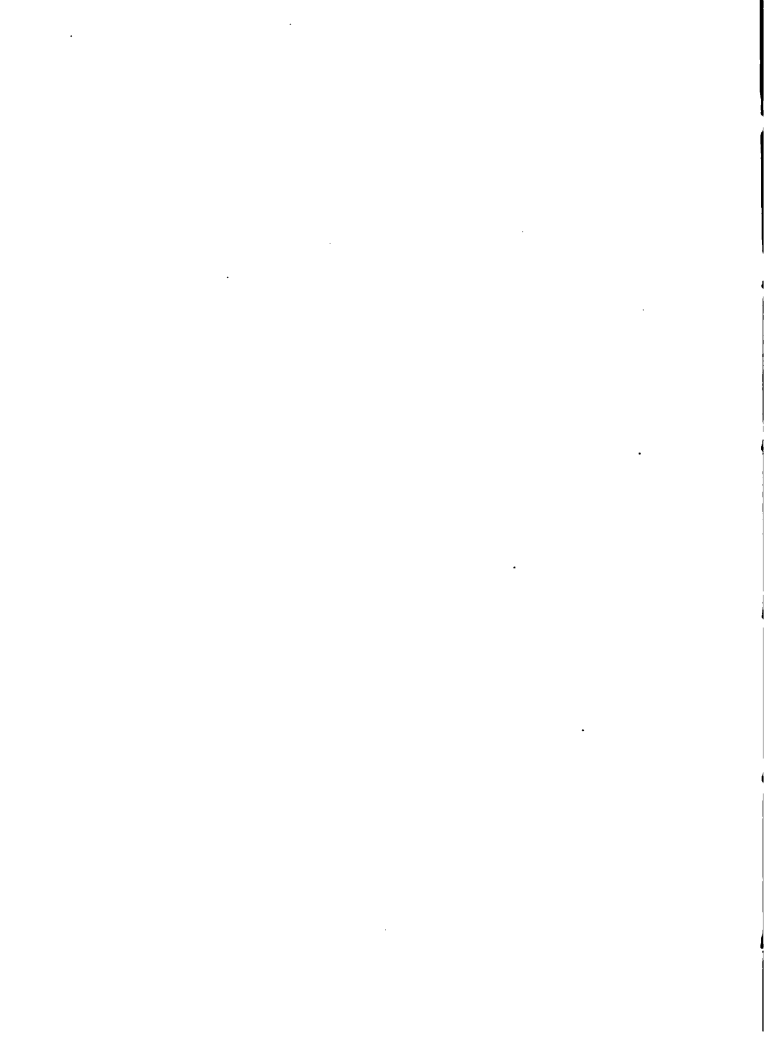
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FOREWORD

IN the preparation of this book the editor has not considered Shakespeare merely as a literary classic. There has been neither worship of his name as a fetish nor contention about the exact and authoritative diction of dissimilar folio and quarto. Scholars have done some of these things with a reverent wish to interpret truly the great spirit, and to save him from the calumnies of copyist and critics. I shall try simply to understand the meaning of this friend of man. Accepting gratefully the decisions of conscientious students of original texts upon disputed points, I devote myself to appreciating him.

Here are treasured lines that preserve the thought and feeling of a man. In a number of places in his plays, Shakespeare uses as his highest expression of approval some variation of the statement "This was a man." If we consider all the complexities of life and living, all the heights and depths of the spirit,

rarely can we find fuller, more varied, more infinitely sympathetic expression of human thought and feeling and action than this man has given us. He has shown us what humanity is — what a man may be.

Let us read Shakespeare, not only for our joy, but for our enlightenment — for the deepening of our sympathy and the widening of our comprehension. He has presented in masterly manner, and with great variety of circumstance, the conflicts of life, the phases of character, the human motives working in a thousand ways. And in spite of his complexity, he is one of the truest of those who, all down through the ages, have left for us in literature a magnificent heritage of knowledge and experience concerning the questions of life.

The great author is he who can be true to principles even while he threads the mazes of the world's infinite variety. Young people should be directed toward those writings which present estimates of the values in life with verity rather than to those which avoid or distort vital issues. Literary quality is necessary; but it is not the sole desideratum in selecting school reading. Young people in secondary schools are seeking with eager minds and hearts for knowledge concerning the facts of life; their emotions are strong

and sincere in the main ; their imaginations are ready then, if they ever will be, to kindle at a word. They should read, intensively and accurately, the masterpieces which present vital issues in a true way. If this be done, the life of communities will, I believe, be raised to higher levels and many an individual will be saved from sordid and bitter experiences. All of us, I fear, both teachers and parents, are apt to avoid the difficult task of presenting these masterpieces, even when they are read in such a way as to give young people their full value.

Because it is a determining influence in life, love is the theme of a large body of literature. The phases and manifestations of this potent factor are infinitely varied in their nature and in their effects ; correspondingly manifold are their reflections in books. Love, the subtlest force in life, the element most likely to build or to wreck a career, is naturally and inevitably of supreme interest. Its power rings in the world epics and sings in the lyrics of every land. Without its pervasive influence, the sum of dramatic literature would be small. And because it is so universal in its influence, and so beneficial when it is not distorted and maligned, some estimate of the profound sacred-

ness and power of this vital fundamental principle, some prevision of the ineffable, transforming joy that comes with a true love as distinguished from mean or destructive usurpations of its beneficent rule, should come to young people, not only from their parents, but from the world's storehouse of good literature. For this reason it is valuable in the curriculum of secondary schools to read with clear understanding the thoughts and feelings of a master mind upon this one of the master themes of life.

FACTS ABOUT THE PLAY

The first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was in the form of a quarto, published very likely from notes of a performance, in 1597.

The play was probably composed in 1591.

The plot appears in a number of mediæval romances and in one story as early as the fifth century.

The names, Romeo and Juliet, appear about 1530 in an Italian novel by Luigi da Porto, who said it was told to him by his favorite archer, as they rode together. This novel was very popular. A French translation of it, by Boistreau, was the source of two English ver-

sions — a poem by Arthur Brooke, and a novel by Paynter. Shakespeare probably consulted both, but he followed the poem more closely.

Some of the marked changes Shakespeare made, besides the general elevation brought about by his transcendent genius, are: —

1. He compressed the action into four or five days.
2. He re-created the character of Mercutio.
3. He made Paris die at Juliet's grave by the hand of Romeo.

Other plays have been written on the same theme, notably one by the Spanish dramatist Lope de Vega, a contemporary of Shakespeare, under the title *Castelvines y Monteses*.

David Garrick's acting version follows the Italian novel of Da Porto in having Juliet wake from her sleep before Romeo dies. Shakespeare followed the English versions in this respect.

We may well understand Shakespeare's practice of using old stories, poems, etc. for his plays, as he used Brooke's poem for this one. It was a common, unquestioned custom, which was traditional and very likely considered complimentary by the author whose work was thus used, if he was living. The idea we

entertain of plagiarism was of later growth. In consequence of this practice, however, a modern reader, unacquainted with the previous work and accustomed to look for careful structure, sometimes feels an incongruity or lack of complete statement because Shakespeare has not expressed some connecting link or explanation. His audiences, perhaps, needed no such enlightenment because they were familiar with the story. For instance, Brooke explains in his poem that Juliet did not leave Verona with her husband because Romeo knew and feared the dangerous situation in which she would be placed when her father discovered her departure. Shakespeare says nothing about it, perhaps because he thinks it may be inferred, or that the action is swifter without it.

Then, too, there is, at times, a sense of something inartistic, hard to reconcile with the author's supreme powers, which becomes clearly accounted for when we realize the fact that certain customs and traditions of stagecraft had become fixed elements in the drama of the time. Audiences expected them; and as Shakespeare was a practical playwright, he met the popular expectations, though often with a transforming touch of imaginative power that lifted these conventional

usages out of the ordinary. Battles of wit, the rhetorical analysis of a theme, the enumeration of details, and many forms of word-play were illuminated by his genius: and the traditional stage figures, such as the enraged father, the supplanted lover, the quarrelsome young man, were all transformed into human beings with individual claim upon our interest, without losing their value as stage assets.

Romeo and Juliet is one of Shakespeare's earlier plays. Though it is written mainly in blank verse, like his other plays, it contains less prose and much more rhyme than most of them. The rhyming couplet is frequent, and the lyrical character of the whole is marked. The three chief forms of mediæval love-songs are used: the sonnet, as in the first meeting of the lovers; the serena, or evening song, of Juliet; and the alba, or dawn-song, of the parting lovers. Other lyric forms are introduced, and show in various ways that Shakespeare was strongly impressed by the influence of the Italian Renaissance.

There is an abundance of the popular euphuistic language of Elizabethan authors in the play. Particularly when Mercutio speaks, conceits, word-play, antitheses, and alliteration abound. The free use of

these outlets for exuberant fancy and wit seems to confirm the early date of the play.

Love is the theme of *Romeo and Juliet*. In *As You Like It* love as sudden as that of Romeo and Juliet grows to a happier climax; in *The Tempest* Prospero's fostering care, intensified to the realm of magic, brings about the soundest and happiest union that love ever blessed. But in *Romeo and Juliet* we have the tragedy of impetuous love under hostile circumstances. The sweet, genuine, natural preference of two young people for each other comes into conflict with a feud between their families. If that feud had not existed, we say to ourselves, there would have been opportunity for this preference to run its natural course without incurring the hazards of hasty, clandestine courtship and marriage. There would have been no tragedy. This youthful love is forcefully presented. It is true. The vivid sincerity of it grips the heart and makes one ashamed of shams and weak pretences.

If the play is casually read, at first only a few things make their appeal, — the presentation of sudden, genuine, ecstatic love, the trials of the "star-crossed" lovers, the light sparring of Mercutio, perhaps, — but

there is more to be found. It is most desirable to get a clear and truthful interpretation of Shakespeare's full meaning, with no changes, and with such omissions, only, as the standards of good taste have made necessary in school use.

In order to secure this complete understanding, of course the first essential is that of all intensive reading — a correct knowledge of the meanings of words and their relations to each other. This is sometimes quite difficult for students in secondary schools, mainly because of a few facts which can easily be understood, and in regard to which notes can be of much assistance. I will mention three.

In the first place, Shakespeare's vocabulary is not entirely that of to-day. Many words have changed greatly in their application, and others have become obsolete. Some grammatical forms and usages were either different or had not become fixed.

Then, too, we have to remember the universality of Shakespeare's genius. His wide sympathy and his knowledge of different phases of life caused him to know intimately, and to use freely, a vast store of folk-lore, of stories, of cant expressions, of songs, and of popular superstitions. To say nothing of their

deliberate use, even the unconscious influence of folklore and popular beliefs and sayings upon an artist such as Shakespeare is much greater than is ordinarily recognized.

Besides these two, there enters into the reading of Shakespeare another element of difficulty, based upon his full identification with the people of his time. It is a consideration often ignored; and even critics whom we respect seem neglectful in regard to it. Each period has its popular modes of expression, just as it has its fashions in garments and in manners. These are imperative. Authors write in accordance with them, perhaps for the most part unconsciously; and one who does not conform is not read. Genius itself follows while it leads, and commits its treasures to the common carriers of thought quite as often as to some new vehicle of its own creation. With the knowledge of a few fundamental facts concerning these fashions in speech, the reader is saved much puzzling question and confusion. In these three respects, particularly, the editor has tried to make the notes in this volume help toward a truthful interpretation of this complex setting for a master's gem.

J. F. C.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with each other.*
CAPULET, }

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET



THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus°

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil° blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-cross'd° lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife. 10
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage°;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET



THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus^o

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil^o blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes 5
A pair of star-cross'd^o lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
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Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage°;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I

Verona A public place

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.°

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler,° we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 5

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 9

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 15

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,
thou hadst been poor John.^o Draw thy tool;
here comes^o two of the house of Montagues. 22

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will
back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not. 25

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides^o; let them
begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it
as they list. 30

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb^o at
them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear
it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir. 35

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I
say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ;
but I bite my thumb, sir. 41

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as
good a man as you. 45

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better' : here comes one
of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir. 50

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]
Put up your swords ; you know not what you do. 55

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
hinds?°

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace : put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me. 60

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, ° coward! *[They fight.*

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace-officers, with clubs.

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! 66
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, ° and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? 71

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me. °

Enter old Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet! — Hold me not, let me go. 75

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,^o —
 Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage 81
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd^o weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved^o prince. 85
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,^o
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, 90
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away: 95
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town,^o our common judgement-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 100

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew^o to part them: in the instant came 105
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who,^o nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, 110
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, 115
A troubled mind drave^o me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son: 120
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections^o by my own,
 Which then most sought where most might not be found,
 Being one too many by my weary self, 125
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs: 130
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,^o
 Away from light steals home my heavy^o son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself, 135
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour^o prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? 140

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself — I will not say how true — 145
 But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. 150
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.°

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay, 155
To hear true shrift.° Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours? 160

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love. 165

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? 170
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity! 175

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. 180

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged,° a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears 185
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along :

• An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ; 190
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.°

Ben. Tell me in sadness,° who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no ;
 But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will : 195
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill !
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man°! And she's fair I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. 200

Rom. Well, in that hit° you miss : she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit,
 And in strong proof° of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor 205

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity. 210

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her. 215

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more°:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, 220

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve but as a note 225

Where I may read who pass'd° that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine,^o or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

A street

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But^o Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years^o:
Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth^o: 15

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart ;
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An° she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd° feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light : 25
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see, 30
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.°
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah,° trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out 35
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here !

It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets^o; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.^o 45

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help^o by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf^o is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food, 56
Whipt and tormented and — God-den,^o good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book :
but, I pray, can you read anything you see? 61

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly : rest you merry°!

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the lady
widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely
nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ; mine
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; my fair
niece Rosaline° ; Livia ; Signior Valentio and his
cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the lively Helena.' 71

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house. 75

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : my master
is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of
the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush
a cup of wine.° Rest you merry ! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona : 85
Go thither, and with unattainted^o eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ; 90
And these,^o who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, 95
Herself poised with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales^o let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best. 100

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III

A room in Capulet's house

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.°

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. I bade her come. What°, lamb! what, lady-bird! —

God forbid! — Where 's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother. 5

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou 's° hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen° be it spoken, I have but four, —

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days. 15

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve° at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: — but, as I said, 20
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry°; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake° now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day: 25
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,°
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years; 30
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,°
She could have run and waddled all about.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: 35

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married? 40

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you ·

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years 45
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.° 49

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentle-
man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen; 55
Examine every married lineament,°
And see how one another lends content;

And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent^a of his eyes.
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride 60
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less. 65
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 69

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in
extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
you, follow straight. 74

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet,
the county^o stays. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

A street

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity° :
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper° ;
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance :
 But, let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure,° and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch : I am not for this ambling ;
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.°

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes
 With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead 15
 So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. Give me a case^o to put my visage in :
A visor for a visor ! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities ? 25
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes^o with their heels ; 30
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder,^o and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair,^o and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse,^o the constable's own
word :
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire^o 35
Of this sir-reverence love,^o wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,^o ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
 Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits 40
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.°

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
 But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 44

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab° hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone°
 On the fore-finger of an alderman, 50
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web ; 55
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm°

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid : 60
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night 64
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are : 70
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's^o tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice : 75
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, 80
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes : 85
 This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air, 90
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.°

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late. 96

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expire the term 100
 Of a despised life closed in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death° :
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V

*A hall in Capulet's house**Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.*

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!°

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. 6

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,° look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane°; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan! 11

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.° [They retire behind.

*Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house,
meeting the Guests and Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome,° gentlemen! ladies that have their
toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you :

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all 20

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, 25

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall°! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. 30

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap.

By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
 His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that? 41
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman.*] What lady's that, which°
 doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir. 45

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make blessed° my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 55

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! Dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To flier and scorn at our solemnity°?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.°

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
 you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night. 65

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz,° let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly° gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth°: 70
 I would not for the wealth of all this town
 Here in my house do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, 75
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:

What, goodman boy°! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to. 80

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop°! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed? 85

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary° me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princox°; go:

Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts! 90

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest
hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine° is this, 96

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion° shows in this; 100
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
 prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. 106

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
 sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
 take.

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

[Kissing her.°

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
 Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.° 112

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,°

Her mother is the lady of the house, 115

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous :

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.°

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.° 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet° towards.
Is it e'en so°? why, then, I thank you all; 125

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio. 131

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not
dance?

Nurse. I know not. 135

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate! 140
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.°

Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse. Anon, anon! 146
 Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair° for which love groan'd for° and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,°
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but 'ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;' 10
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
 He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not; 15
 The ape^o is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. 20

Mer. This cannot anger him: my invocation
 Is fair and honest; and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain 25
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

*Capulet's orchard**Enter Romeo.*

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief, 5

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love! 10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 15

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ay me!

Rom.

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art 26
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him, 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 35
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though, not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 45
Retain that dear perfection which he owes°
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.°

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 55
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.°

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 65

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let° to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me,° let them find me here : 76
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. 81
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek 86
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !^o
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,' 90
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.^o O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love, 105
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love — 115

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? 125

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love? 130

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. 135
I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !

[Nurse calls within.

Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. *[Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee, 145
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam! 149

Jul. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, — 154

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle° back again! 160
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name : 165
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail : 'tis twenty years till then. 170
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, 175
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone :
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.* 186

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's^o cell, 189

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

Friar Laurence's cell

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage^o of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;

We sucking on her natural bosom find, 10
Many things for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle^o is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live, 15
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified. 20
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still 25
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
And where the worsor is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.^o

Enter Romeo

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L.

Benedicite !^o

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain 35
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night. 40

Rom. I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies° :
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo, 45
My intercession likewise steads my foe.°

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet : 50
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray, 55
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !
 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. 60

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love,° that of it doth not taste !

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, 65
 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears ;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline : 70
 And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then :
 Women may fall when there 's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave, 75

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell. 80
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.°

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste. 85

Fri. L. Wisely and slow : they stumble that run fast.°

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A street

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale, hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad. 5

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dared. 12

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed
with a white wench's black eye; shot through the
ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft^o: and
is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 17

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,^o I can tell you. O,
he's the courageous captain of compliments. He
fights as you sing prick-song,^o keeps time, distance
and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one,
two, and the third in your bosom: the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a
gentleman of the very first house, of the first and
second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the
punto reverso! the hai^o! 27

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting fan-

tasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's,^o who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench^o? O, their bones, their bones!

37

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch^o flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop.^o You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

48

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip,^o sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. 56

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly ° hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. 60

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump° well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular. 67

Rom. O single-soled° jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint. 71

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-geese chase,° I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese

in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest. 80

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting^o; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril,^o that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad! 86

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 89

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble^o in a hole. 95

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.^o 98

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. 103

Rom. Here's goodly gear°!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail! 105

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan,° Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two. 111

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you. 115

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo? 121

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for the fault of a worse. 125

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. 130

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.'^o 136

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery^o? 139

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 142

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and

twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills^o; I am none of his skains-mates.^o [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 150

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side. 155

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 166

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me. 172

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; 176

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall. 180

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair°;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 185

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains°:

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away? 192

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout° in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo both begin with a letter? 202

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name; R is for the — No; I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 209

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]

Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.* 215

SCENE V

*Capulet's orchard**Enter Juliet.*

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse ;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him : that 's not so.
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, 5
Driving back shadows over louring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves^o draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours ; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me : 15
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. 20

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,— O Lord, why look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them^o merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave awhile. 25

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce^o have I
had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare : he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. What, have you dined at home ? 46

Jul. No, no : but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back o' t' other side, — ah, my back, my back !

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jauncing up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. 54

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow°;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones? 65
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil°! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife: 71
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love 75
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

Friar Laurence's cell

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight : 5
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder 10
Which as they kiss consume : the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the 'appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work. 35

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

A public place

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring. 4

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when
he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his
sword upon the table, and says 'God send me
no need of thee!' and by the operation of the
second cup draws it on the drawer,^o when in-
deed there is no need. 10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ? 15

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have

none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling: thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

32

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple^o of my life for an hour and a quarter.

35

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den : a word with one of you. 40

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it
with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an
you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving? 46

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort°! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing
but discords: here 's my fiddlestick°; here 's
that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men : 52
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. 55

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my
man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ; 60
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 65
To such a greeting : villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee, 70
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.°

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission ! 75
Alla stoccata° carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and,
as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat° the rest
of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of

his pilcher° by the ears? make haste, lest mine
be about your ears ere it be out.. 84

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath 90

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*[Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio
and flies with his followers.]*

Mer. I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough. 96

Where is my page? Go, villain,° fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask
for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave

man.° I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.
 A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog,
 a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death!
 a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
 book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you
 between us? I was hurt under your arm. 107

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
 Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! 110
 They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
 And soundly too: your houses°!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd 115
 With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead! 120
 That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. 125

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,^o
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul 130
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. 135

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 139

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool°!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their
Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray? 145

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover° all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child! 150

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray? 155

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay ;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice^o the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure : all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, 160
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 165
Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his
tongue,

His 'agile arm beats down their fatal points, 170
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :

But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, 175
And to 't they go like lightning : for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly ;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague, 180
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 185

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence 190
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce° you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine : 195
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses :
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. 15
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night, 20
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 25
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
 And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
 cords
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 30
 [*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me, what news? why dost thou wring thy
 hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 35

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,' 40

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice°:

I am not I, if there be such an I,

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'

If he be slain, say 'I;' or if not, no: 45

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 50

All in gore blood°: I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier ! 55

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ? 60
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord ?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 65

Jul. O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical ! 70
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravens lamb !
Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain !
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 75

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust, 80
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
 Ah, where 's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 85
 For such a wish°! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 90

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 95
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
Your tributary^o drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ; 100
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :
All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
But, O, it presses to my memory, 105
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished ;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there : 110
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved ? 115
But with a rear-ward^o following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished : ' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 120

In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears : mine shall
be spent, 125

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords : poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exiled.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo
To comfort you : I wot well where he is. 130

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Friar Laurence's cell

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
man :

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 5
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment banish'd from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death ;'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished : 15
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death : then 'banished' 20

Is death mis-term'd : calling death 'banished,'
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince, 25
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog 30
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not : more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship° lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo : they may seize 35
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished : 40
This may flies do, but I from this must fly :
They are free men, but I am banished :
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45
But 'banished' to kill me? — 'Banished'?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word 'banished'°?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute° with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not
feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy
 hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[Knocking within.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
 Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile! — Stand up; 75

[Knocking.

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,

What simpleness is this! — I come, I come!

[Knocking.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
 your will?

Nurse. [Within] Let me come in, and you shall
 know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L.

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy! 85
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up, 100
 And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand :
 Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art :
 Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote 110
 The unreasonable fury of a beast :
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man !
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
 Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,^o
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.^o 115
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose. 121

Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, ° like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit : 125
Thy noble shape is but the form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man ;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
Thy wit, ° that ornament to shape and love, 130
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive, 135
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy : 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,^o
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
To blaze^o your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady, 155
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
night
To hear good counsel ; O, what learning is ! 160
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this ! 165

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all
your state^o :
Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here :°
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A room in Capulet's house

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late ; she'll not come down to-night : 5
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madame, good night : commend me to your daughter

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, 31
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
 Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho°!
 Afore me, it is so very very late,
 That we may call it early by and by : 35
 Good night. [Exeunt.

SCENE V

Capulet's orchard

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale. 5

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious° streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops : 10
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark
our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out. 41

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days: 45
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.^o
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, 55

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
 Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu ! *[Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle : 60
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune ;
 For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back.

La. Cap. *[Within]* Ho, daughter ! are you up ? 65

Jul. Who is 't that calls ? it is my lady mother !
 Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet !

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
 death ?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ? 71
 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live ;
 Therefore have done : some grief shows much of love,
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.°

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. 75

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be^o many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death! 87

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, 90
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead — 95

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, ° I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 100
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. 105

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, 115
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. 120
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
 I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed°!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
 yourself, 125
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
 But for the sunset of my brother's son
 It rains downright.
 How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears? 130
 Evermore showering? In one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs; 135
 Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
 thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave°!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
 wife.°

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 145

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you
 have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.°

Cap. How, how! how, how! chop-logic°! What
 is this? 150

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'

And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion,° you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle° your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, 155

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion° ! out, you baggage !
 You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient
 wretch !

I tell thee what : get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face :
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest 165
 That God hath lent us but this only child ;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her :
 Out on her, hilding° !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your
 tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! 200
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven; 207
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. 210
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.°

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing, 215
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman! 220

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :
 If all else fail, myself have power to die.° [Exit.

ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

*Friar Laurence's cell**Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.*

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
 Uneven is the course ; I like it not. 5

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears,
 Which, too much minded ° by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife°!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. 19

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That 's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him. 25

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,°

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.°

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. 36

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass° ?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive° daughter,
now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye :

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ; 46
It strains me past the compass of my wits :

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife° I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ; 55

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak^o not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it ; 75
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower^o ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless° skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ; 85
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ; 90
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
 When presently through all thy veins shall run 95
 A cold and drowsy humour° ; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105

SCENE II

Hall in Capulet's house

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit First Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so? 5

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot
lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. *[Exit Sec. Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry
look. 15

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife : 40
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
 I'll not to bed to-night ; let me alone ;
 I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho !
 They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
 To County Paris, to prepare him up 45
 Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Juliet's chamber

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires^o are best : but, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross^o and full of sin. 5

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd^o to have me dead, 25
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangl'd^o ere my Romeo comes? 35
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones 40
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green^o in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort ;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I 45
So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes'^o torn out of the earth,

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,

The curfew-bell° hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica : 5

Spare not for cost.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs,
and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit First Serv.]*

Sirrah, fetch drier logs : 10

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Thou shalt be logger-head. *[Exit Sec. Serv.]*

Good faith, 'tis day :

The county will be here with music straight, 15

For so he said he would. *[Music within.]* I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.
Help, help! call help.

15

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the
day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

20

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail, 25
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife : see, there she lies, 30
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded : I will die,
And leave him all ; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this? 36

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, 40
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight !

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold ! 45

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
 Never was seen so black a day as this:
 O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
 Most detestable death, by thee beguiled, 50
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
 O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
 Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity? 55
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
 Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
 And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
 not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself 60
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion, 65
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit.

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter Peter.°

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,° Heart's
ease :° O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's
ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's Ease' ? 99

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
'My heart is full of woe :° O, play me some merry
dump,° to comfort me. 102

First Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

First Mus. No. 105

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleeke° ; I will
give you the minstrel. 109

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets° ; I'll
re you, I'll fa you ; do you note me ?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us. 114

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men :

‘When griping grief the heart doth wound 120
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound’ —

why ‘silver sound’? why ‘music with her silver sound’? — What say you, Simon Catling? 124

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, ‘silver sound,’ because musicians sound for silver. 129

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is ‘music with her silver sound,’ because musicians have no gold for sounding:

‘Then music with her silver sound 135
With speedy help doth lend redress.’ [Exit.

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

Mantua. A street

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,^o
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord ° sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again; 15
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, 25
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let 's see for means : — O mischief, thou art swift 35
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds,° with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples° ; meagre were his looks ; 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,°
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now, 50
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house : 55
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear ° 60
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he° that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, 65
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth° in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ; 70
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength 75
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell :
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. 80
 Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

Friar Laurence's cell

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
 Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 5
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
 Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth ;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 15
 So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice,° but full of charge
 Of dear import, and the neglecting it
 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
 Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: 25
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents;
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! 30

[*Exit*

SCENE III

A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets

Enter Paris and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,

Holding thine ear close to the hollow^o ground;

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, 5

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,

But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go. 10

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew, —

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones; —

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans: 15

The obsequies that I for thee will keep

Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.^o

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.

[*Retires.*

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee, 25

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear^o employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable by far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me here
 about :

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw,^o thou womb of death.
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, 46
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

[*Opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
 That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
 It is supposed,^o the fair creature died,
 And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
 Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 55
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
 A grave? O, no, a lantern, ° slaughter'd youth;
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I 90
 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,^o
 And shake the yoke^o of inauspicious stars 105
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct,^o come, unsavoury guide! 110
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
 Here 's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence,
 with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there? 116

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you
 well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 120
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not but I am gone hence ; 126
And fearfully^o did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then ; I'll go alone : fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.. 130

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 135
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else! what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance! 140

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that
nest 145

Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee 150
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. [*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand? 155
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm. 161

First Watch. [Within] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.

This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; there rust, and let me die. [Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.

Enter Watch,° with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 165

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain this two days buried. 170

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:

Raise up the Montagues: some others search:

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry. 175

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter Friar Laurence, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side. 180

First Watch. A great suspiçion : stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest ?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo, 185
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears ?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before, 190
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them fit to open

These dead men's tombs. 195

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house°

Is empty on the back of Montague,

And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell 200

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: 205
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage° for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities, 211
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. 215
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge 220
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ; 225
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 230
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris : then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage, 235
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo, 240
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight 245
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo : 250
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience : 255
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy^o : and, if aught in this 260
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time^o
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this? 265

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, 270
 If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it.
 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
 grave ; 275
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And by and by my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death : 28x

And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! 285
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd.°

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand : 290
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set 295
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie ;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head : 300
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
 Some shall be pardon'd and some punished :
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*



NOTES

IN the text of this edition, a few lines have been omitted, as not suited for school reading.

ACT I. SCENE I

Prologue — Chorus. In Greek drama a group of people called the chorus explained in unison the actions, feelings, etc., which were portrayed. In Shakespeare's time, therefore, a character was called "Chorus" sometimes, because he recited a Prologue or other part in explanation.

Prologue. 4. Civil: relating to a citizen.

Prologue. 6. Star-cross'd: having the star, which, according to astrology, governed the life of a person, crossed, or interfered with, by some unfavorable influence.

Prologue. 12. Stage: in this case, the play put on the stage. Shakespeare mentions, in two places at least, two hours as the length of a performance.

I. i. 1. Carry coals: to bear injuries without objecting. Perhaps this meaning resulted from the fact that menials of the lowest order brought fuel.

I. i. 3. Choler. A popular form of wit in Shakespeare's time was punning, or playing with the meanings of words that sound alike or suggest others. — Choler suggests collier and collar.

I. i. 20. **Poor John**: a popular name for a common kind of fish — probably hake.

I. i. 21. **Comes**. The singular form of the verb is justified by Gregory's thought of them as a group.

I. i. 27. **Sides**. Sampson wishes to have the law on their side in case of trouble.

I. i. 31. **Bite my thumb**: a vulgar expression of contempt and defiance.

I. i. 57. **Hinds**: menials. It implies contempt here.

I. i. 64. **Have at thee**: an expression of warning used in beginning a combat.

I. i. 67. **In his gown**: not armed — a sign of peaceful age.

I. i. 73. **In spite of me**: to express spite toward me.

I. i. 79. **Neighbor-stained steel**: swords stained with the blood of neighbors.

I. i. 84. **Mistemper'd weapons**: tempered, or prepared, for a wrong use.

I. i. 85. **Moved**: agitated or disturbed.

I. i. 86. **Bred of an airy word**: brought into being by words of no weight — without cause.

I. i. 99. **Free-town**: a translation of Villa Franca, the name used in the old Italian story from which the plot is taken.

I. i. 101. **Abroach**: open: "Who opened this old quarrel?"

I. i. 105. **Drew**: drew my sword.

I. i. 109. **Who**: refers to winds. This is one of many cases showing that the use of the relative pronoun was not fixed in Shakespeare's time.

I. i. 117. **Drave**: an old form of the past tense of drive.

I. i. 123. **Affections**: those things by which he had been affected.

I. i. 133. **Aurora's bed**. Aurora was the goddess of the dawn in Greek mythology.

I. i. 134. **Heavy**: weighed down by his feelings and thoughts. Commonly used as a synonym for sad.

I. i. 138. **Humour**: indicating general mental and physical condition. — Medieval physicians believed that various humours, or mysterious fluids, pervaded the body and caused distress of mind and body.

I. i. 152. **Know**: be as glad to find a cure as to know the cause.

Rhyming couplets like this often occur at the close of some thought or of some division of the play.

I. i. 156. **Hear true shrift**: get a truthful confession from Romeo of the cause of his melancholy.

I. i. 169. **Pathways to his will**. Romeo laments that love, though always represented as blind, can still see a way to wound his victim with his arrows. — Romeo loves Rosaline, but cannot win her favor.

I. i. 175. **Serious vanity**. The combination of words of opposite meaning, such as these and many others in this speech, is a characteristic feature of the diction of Shakespeare's time. It is very expressive here of the contradictions Romeo sees in love.

I. i. 184. **Purged**: purified. Romeo continues his comparisons and contrasts in attempting to describe love.

I. i. 192. **Sadness**: seriousness.

I. i. 201. **Hit**: an apt expression. Another pun is of course intended here.

I. i. 203. **Proof**: armour.

I. i. 219. **Question**: conversation. Speaking of other beauties would only result in bringing her beauty, which is exquisite, into the conversation.

I. i. 226. **Pass'd**: surpassed.

I. i. 228. **Pay that doctrine**. Benvolio determines here to "pay Romeo back" for that doctrine, or statement of belief, by testing his boast that seeing other fair ladies will make him think his Rosaline more fair. This points directly forward to a later scene in which Romeo falls in love with Juliet.

SCENE II

I. ii. 1. **But**. Note how this word keeps the feud in our minds, though the main topic changes.

I. ii. 9. **Fourteen years**. Shakespeare makes Juliet two years younger than the old story from which he took his plot.

I. ii. 15. **Earth**. Notice Capulet's play upon the two meanings of the word.

I. ii. 18. **An**: if.

I. ii. 20. **Accustom'd**: a feast which he has been accustomed to hold.

I. ii. 33. **None**. Capulet says to Paris, in the lines preceding: "See all these beauties, and like her most who has most merit. My daughter stands among the number even though she be of little importance." This is the polite depreciation of a host to the kinsman of his Prince.

I. ii. 34. **Sirrah**: a word used in addressing an inferior. Capulet turns from Paris to give his servant a command.

I. ii. 41. **Nets**. Here, as in many of Shakespeare's plays, comic effect is produced by the blundering way in which old saws are confused by ignorant usage.

I. ii. 45. **In good time**. Romeo and Benvolio enter just as the servant needs some one to read the names to him.

I. ii. 48. **Help**: once a correct form for "helped."

I. ii. 52. **Plantain-leaf**. Romeo scornfully rejects all remedies as unfit for his desperate sadness. — A plantain leaf might help an ordinary hurt to the shin, but his trouble is too deep for that!

I. ii. 57. **God-den**: good-even. "May God give you a good evening." A form of salutation and reply.

I. ii. 63. **Rest you merry**: a parting salutation. The servant turns away, perhaps in dread of the practical jokes that an inferior sometimes had to endure from young men of the nobility.

I. ii. 70. **Rosaline**. Notice that Rosaline, whom Romeo loved, was a Capulet. Notice, too, the rhythmical arrangement of these names, with a sort of cæsural pause after this one.

I. ii. 82. **Crush a cup of wine**: a common expression for convivial drinking.

I. ii. 86. **Unattainted**: impartial.

I. ii. 91. **These**: eyes. Romeo's intensity of feeling seems to throw his expression into the closing lines of a sonnet: while Benvolio follows with the less forceful rhymed couplet, into which Romeo's expression also drops at the close.

I. ii. 97. **Scales**: used as a singular noun, like lists, stocks, breeches, arms, etc.

SCENE III

I. iii. Nurse: one of Shakespeare's strong characterizations. Coleridge says: "Here you have the garrulity of age strengthened by the feelings of a long-trusted servant, whose sympathy with the mother's affections gives her privileges and rank in the household. And observe the mode of connection by accident of time and place, and the child-like fondness of repetition in a second childhood; and also that happy humble ducking under, yet constant resurgence against, the check of her superiors."

I. iii. 2. What! Without special meaning the word is used in calling — just as we say "oh."

I. iii. 9. Thou's: Thou shalt. Shall is contracted into se, as here, in *King Lear*, IV, vi, 246. "I'se try" = I shall try.

I. iii. 13. Teen: sorrow.

I. iii. 17. Lammas-eve. The celebration of the wheat harvest in Old England on the first of August was Lammas.

I. iii. 22. Marry: a common exclamation in Shakespeare's time. A corruption of Holy Mary.

I. iii. 23. Earthquake. Some commentators try to make this reference a means of dating the composition of the play, since there was an earthquake felt in London in 1580. There was also a severe one felt at Verona in 1570 of which Shakespeare might have known.

I. iii. 26. Laid wormwood to my dug. The bitter wormwood would be so unpleasant to the child's taste that it could be easily weaned.

I. iii. 31. **Rood**: a cross. Later the word was used more specifically for the cross on which Christ was crucified; and then for a crucifix. Swearing by the rood was a solemn oath, but one that was often used too lightly, as it is here.

I. iii. 49. **Man of wax**: perfect—as beautiful as if he had been made of wax by an artist.

I. iii. 56. **Married lineament**. Notice how the different features of his face blend in harmony.

I. iii. 59. **Margent**: comment written in the margin to explain. Lady Capulet becomes involved, in her series of elaborate comparisons in praise of Paris.

I. iii. 76. **County**: count Paris.

SCENE IV

I. iv. 3. **Prolixity**: verbosity. It was an old custom for uninvited maskers to send some one before them to make a speech of compliment to the host before entering. Benvolio says this is 'out of date.' Sometimes the speech was delivered by a boy representing Cupid.

I. iv. 6. **Crow-keeper**: scare-crow. Formerly men or boys were employed to keep the crows away from corn. Later a figure dressed to represent a man was used.

I. iv. 10. **Measure**: a dance. Note the pun.

I. iv. 12. **Bear the light**. Romeo scornfully calls the dance ambling, and says he will carry a torch. It was an old and honored custom for torches to be carried in attendance upon dignitaries, and with troops of maskers.

I. iv. 23. **Case**: a mask. It seems to have been custom-

ary for young men to attend in this way assemblies to which they had not been specially invited. That there was no offence intended or felt at that time, is shown by Capulet's welcome.

I. iv. 30. **Rushes**: plants used to cover the floor instead of a carpet.

I. iv. 32. **Candle-holder**. Romeo says that the old expression "to hold a candle," that is to look on, is the proverb for him. He and Mercutio vie with each other here in using "grandsire phrases." An old proverb says, Stop [or give over] while the game is fair.

I. iv. 34. **Dun's the mouse**: an old expression meaning "Be quiet." In the next line Mercutio refers to an old game called "Dun's in the mire," in which men try to lift a log of wood, called Dun or cart-horse. [Gifford.]

I. iv. 36. **Sir reverence**: a common expression of apology, especially used when something unseemly is said. Mercutio uses it when he speaks of Romeo's love. Mercutio and Romeo continue to fence with words until the thought is brought around to Mercutio's discussion of dreams.

I. iv. 37. **Burn daylight**: waste time.

I. iv. 41. **Five wits**. It is better judgment to try to understand a person's good meaning and accept it than to exercise the five wits upon it. — A whimsical comment upon what he has just been doing!

I. iv. 47. **Queen Mab**: Queen of the "Little People," or fairies of Celtic Mythology. Probably Shakespeare had heard tales and descriptions in the folk-lore of his own day upon which he drew for Mercutio's lively fancies.

I. iv. 49. **Agate-stone.** This refers, possibly, to the delicate classic figures sometimes cut on agates.

I. iv. 59. **Worm.** There was an old saying that when maids were idle, worms bred in their fingers.

I. iv. 73. **Tithe-pig:** a pig given to a parson in payment of tithes.

I. iv. 94. **Dew-dropping south.** It was a common belief that poisonous vapors came from the south.

I. iv. 102. **Untimely death.** Romeo expresses his presentiment of evil to follow this visit to the House of Capulet.

SCENE V

I. v. 3. **Trencher:** a wooden vessel in which food was served — shaped something like a shallow bowl.

I. v. 8. **Court-cupboard:** a kind of side board on which flagons, beakers, and other articles of plate were displayed.

I. v. 9. **Marchpane:** a confection made of almond paste, with other ingredients. It was often highly ornamented with various emblems.

I. v. 17. “**The longer liver take all.**” Notice how humorous effect is produced by having the servant use this old saying without much relation to what precedes it.

I. v. 18. **Welcome.** Capulet’s welcome and mention of their masks shows that Romeo and his companions are following a recognized custom.

I. v. 28. **A hall!** A common exclamation in the old comedies, perhaps meaning make room, to indicate the opening of a dance.

I. v. 43. **Which: who.**

I. v. 53. **Blessed.** The final "ed" is generally pronounced as a separate syllable in Shakespeare's works.

I. v. 59. **Solemnity:** any ceremonious occasion.

I. v. 61. **Sin.** Notice the rhyme in Tybalt's speeches. This, with his fiery language, fitly shows us that the old feud animates him.

I. v. 67. **Coz:** abbreviation of cousin, which was used for any kinsman.

I. v. 68. **Portly:** well-bred — of good carriage or bearing.

I. v. 70. **Youth.** Notice that Lord Capulet, the enemy of the Montagues, speaks well of Romeo.

I. v. 79. **Goodman boy!** An exclamation of reproof here. Coleridge says, "How admirable is the old man's impetuosity, contrasting, yet harmonized, with Tybalt's quarrelsome violence."

I. v. 83. **Set cock-a-hoop:** start a disturbance.

I. v. 87. **Contrary:** a verb — to oppose. Capulet's angry reproof succeeds in quieting Tybalt; but his next speech makes it plain that Tybalt is only temporarily subdued.

I. v. 88. **Princox:** saucy boy.

I. v. 96. **Gentle fine.** Romeo's courteous words express his admiration by implying that he is unworthy to touch Juliet's hand, but is ready to pay a fine, or penalty, for so doing.

I. v. 100. **Mannerly devotion.** Romeo has saluted Juliet by raising her hand and touching it with his lips as he bowed — a "mannerly," or customary, salute at that time.

I. v. 109. **Kissing her.** We must not judge this scene by the customs of our own day. Yet the lyric strain that marks this dialogue, with the rhymes in separate speeches, and the

resemblance to Italian love-poetry, show us that underneath the archness and courtesy is the expression of a strong and genuine attraction which has flashed into both their lives.

I. v. 112. **By the book**: according to custom, as set down in a book.

I. v. 114. **Bachelor**: a term for a young nobleman.

I. v. 119. **Chinks**: a popular term for coin.

I. v. 120. **My foe's debt**. Romeo realizes that Juliet, who is like his own life to him, will be as hard to win as it would be to collect a debt from a foe.

I. v. 124. **Banquet**. Sometimes this meant a dessert or collation served after the main feast. Capulet, according to old ideas of courtesy, depreciates it by calling it "foolish" and "trifling."

I. v. 125. **Is it e'en so?** probably in response to their excuses for not staying.

I. v. 136. **Married**: pronounced with three syllables.

I. v. 143. **Enemy**. In this speech Juliet forecasts a tragedy, just as Romeo has done.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Prologue, 3. **That fair**: the fair one, Rosaline.

Prologue, 3. **For**: a repetition common in Shakespeare's day.

Prologue, 7. **Must complain**. This refers to Romeo's daring visit to the orchard of Lord Capulet; and the next line to Juliet's impetuous determination to marry Romeo in spite of the family feud.

Prologue, 10. **Use**: are accustomed.

II. i. *Heading*. **Orchard**: a synonym for garden.

II. i. 6. **Conjure**: ordinary calling is not enough. Mercutio proposes to summon him by the magic power of references to Venus, Cupid, Rosaline, etc.

II. i. 16. **Ape**. A popular amusement of the sixteenth century was the exhibition of trained apes. An article in "Language Notes" for April, 1917, points out that Mercutio, in his "conjuring" of Romeo to appear, uses even the words — the "patter" — of a trainer who has taught an ape to lie still and pretend to be dead when called upon to perform a trick for some one not in popular favor. Mercutio in his parody of this says "The ape is dead," implying that Romeo does not want to respond.

SCENE II

II. ii. 46. **Owes**: owns.

II. ii. 49. **Myself**. It must not be overlooked that Juliet is musing aloud, with no idea that anyone could enter her father's garden.

II. ii. 61. **Dislike**: displeases thee.

II. ii. 69. **Let**: hindrance.

II. ii. 76. **But thou love**: if only thou lovest.

II. ii. 89. **Farewell compliment**. Thus Juliet throws aside any pretending, since she realizes that Romeo has heard her confess her love when she thought she was alone.

II. ii. 93. **Jove laughs**. Classic mythology sometimes countenances the unfaithfulness which modern morality

condemns. Juliet realizes in her frank, innocent young soul, the possibility of great danger in this sudden wooing; yet the intensity and truth of her feeling carries her on.

II. ii. 160. **Tassel gentle**: the male hawk used in falconry. Juliet refers, of course, to Romeo.

II. ii. 189. **Ghostly father**: her father confessor. Shakespeare often uses ghostly in the sense of spiritual.

SCENE III

II. iii. 7. **Osier cage**: water-willow basket.

II. iii. 13. **Mickle**: much or great.

II. iii. 28. **Plant**. This speech gives us confidence in the wisdom of Friar Laurence by indicating his insight into human nature; and at the same time prepares us for his knowledge of the sleeping potion he uses later.

II. iii. 29. **Benedicite**: the usual word of blessing used by priests in greeting.

II. iii. 44. **Lies**: not a grammatical mistake in Shakespeare's time. There is a quaint charm which comes from realizing the value of such expressions as this: the subject is "both our remedies," implying *one* remedy for both.

II. iii. 46. **Steads my foe**. Romeo's elaborate speech puts into a metaphor his love for Capulet's daughter and suggests that the Friar will be helping her also (a *traditional* foe) by his intercession — that is by marrying them.

II. iii. 64. **To season love**. Shakespeare often uses the metaphor implying the seasoning power of the salt in tears.

II. iii. 84. **To pure love**. Friar Laurence sees in this

marriage a means of uniting the two houses which are at enmity.

II. iii. 86. **They stumble that run fast.** These words of the Friar, as well as several speeches of both Romeo and Juliet, seem to foretell disaster.

SCENE IV

II. iv. 16. **Butt-shaft:** an arrow without a barb, used in practice. It can be easily extracted from the butt, or target.

II. iv. 19. **Prince of cats.** In old stories — Reynard the Fox, for instance — Tybalt, or Tibert, was the name of the cat.

II. iv. 21. **Prick-song:** music sung from notes — called so because of the points or dots with which it is noted down. Mercutio, in his usual witty fashion, carries out the metaphor with other musical terms of the day.

II. iv. 27. **Hai:** an exclamation made when a fencer gives a successful thrust. Shakespeare is ridiculing the rather fantastical terms used in the Italian schools for fencing set up in London. **Passado,** a step forward or aside. **Punto reverso,** a back-handed stroke.

II. iv. 34. **Perdona-mi's:** a corruption of "pardonnez-moi," pardon me, which had become a common term of courtesy with fencers.

II. iv. 36. **Bench.** Note the pun on "form," with its old meaning of bench and its modern meaning. Mercutio's speech is full of the play upon words so popular in Shakespeare's day. **Bones,** also, perhaps referred to the French exclamation, "Bon!" (Good).

II. iv. 41. **Petrarch.** Mercutio sees at once the change in Romeo. He rallies him by saying that he must now desire poetry such as Petrarch's sonnets in praise of Laura. He says that all the famous heroines, some of whom he names, are far below Romeo's lady in excellence.

II. iv. 47. **Slop:** large, loose breeches.

II. iv. 51. **Slip.** A slip was a counterfeit piece of money.

II. iv. 58. **Kindly:** in kind, that is, pertinently.

II. iv. 63. **Pump.** Perhaps Romeo wore pumps which were pinked, or had holes punched in them for ornament.

II. iv. 68. **Single-soled:** an old term meaning simple or contemptible. Throughout this banter, Mercutio leads in the play upon the different meanings of words.

II. iv. 74. **Wild-goose chase:** an old sporting game. Two riders started together, and when one got the lead the other had to follow him over whatever ground he chose. — Our modern children's game, "Follow your leader," is no doubt a survival of this.

II. iv. 82. **Sweeting:** a kind of apple; hence Romeo's further reference to serving apple-sauce with roast goose.

II. iv. 85. **Cheveril:** soft leather for gloves.

II. iv. 95. **Bauble.** The licensed Fool, or Jester, in court carried a sort of sceptre — a stick with a doll's head on it usually, often with a cap and bells on it such as the fool wore. Here love is represented as a natural, or fool.

II. iv. 98. **Against the hair:** like the expression "against the grain" — before his tale is finished.

II. iv. 104. **Goodly gear.** Romeo refers to the Nurse and Peter, whose dress and movements are noticeable.

II. iv. 109. **My fan.** A lady of old times often had servants to carry such things as her cloak, fan, etc. The Nurse is a silly, faithful old creature, ignorant and full of vanity. She rejoices in this opportunity to "show off."

II. iv. 136. **Lady, lady.** Mercutio probably sang these words of a popular ballad called "Susannah."

II. iv. 139. **Ropery:** roguery, with probably some reference to acts which might lead to the use of a rope — to hanging.

II. iv. 147. **Flirt-gill:** a flirting woman. Gill was a common name for a woman or girl. The Nurse indignantly resents Mercutio's ridicule.

II. iv. 148. **Skains-mates.** The Nurse is indignant at the way Mercutio has spoken to her, and says she is not one of his swaggering, ne'er-do-well companions.

II. iv. 183. **Tackled stair:** a rope ladder.

II. iv. 187. **Quit thy pains.** Romeo means, of course, that he will requite her for any pains, or trouble she may have in helping him.

II. iv. 200. **Clout:** cloth. Juliet is as pale as any cloth in the "universal world."

SCENE V

II. v. 7. **Nimble-pinion'd doves.** Doves are represented as drawing the car in which Venus rode.

II. v. 22. **Them.** *News* was considered plural.

II. v. 26. **Jaunce:** jaunt.

II. v. 64. **Trow.** Believe. "I trow" was a common emphatic exclamation.

II. v. 67. **Coil:** tumult or difficulty.

ACT III. SCENE I

III. i. 9. **Drawer**: the person who draws liquor from the keg.

III. i. 34. **Fee simple**: an absolute title — with no conditions attached.

III. i. 47. **Consort**: an old name for a company of musicians.

III. i. 50. **Fiddlestick**. Mercutio, no doubt, puts his hand upon his sword.

III. i. 74. **Be satisfied**. Romeo is unwilling to fight with Tybalt because of his marriage to Tybalt's cousin. Mercutio is enraged by what seems to him Romeo's "vile submission," and so challenges Tybalt.

III. i. 76. **Alla stoccata**. Stoccata is the Italian term for a thrust with the rapier. Mercutio says a "la stoccata" will make up for such submission as Romeo's.

III. i. 81. **Dry-beat**: beat severely. Dry, in this sense, comes from an old word which means to suffer.

III. i. 83. **Pilcher**: scabbard.

III. i. 97. **Villain**: used in its old sense of a serf, or underling.

III. i. 102. **Grave man**. Mercutio realizes that he will soon be in his grave. His wit and raillery continue even in his pain.

III. i. 112. **Your houses**. Mercutio utters only the last words of the expression which has dominated his exclamations. We feel his increasing weakness battling with his speech.

III. i. 127. **Respective lenity**. Romeo can no longer be

moved by considerate gentleness; his thoughts of Mercutio lead him to passionate revenge with the repeated words, "A plague o' both your houses" no doubt ringing in his ears.

III. i. 140. *Fortune's fool*. In the old plays (moralities, etc.) the fool is represented as the object of pursuit and disaster, and so the fool of Fortune.

III. i. 146. *Discover*: disclose.

III. i. 158. *Nice*: trifling, in the sense of resulting from very slight differences.

III. i. 194. *Amerce*: punish.

SCENE II

III. ii. *Heading*. Enter Juliet. This speech, pathetic even in its expression of joy, shows us how pitifully alone this marriage with the enemy of her father's house had left Juliet on her wedding-day. Wedding masques were customary for people of rank in Shakespeare's day; and it is quite natural to think that some of the references may be to some such ceremonies which Juliet had seen.

Commentators have written volumes about the expression "that runaway's eyes may wink." There is no reason to expect everything to be strictly logical in Juliet's impassioned soliloquy. But whether the "runaway" is Phaeton stealing the chariot of the sun, or Cupid, who was often so alluded to in classic writings, makes little difference to the expression of her impatient, lonely mood.

III. ii. 12. *Learn*. The distinction between *learn* and *teach* had not become fixed in Shakespeare's day.

III. ii. 42. **Cockatrice**: an imaginary creature with the body of a serpent and the head of a cock. Many fables were told concerning it, one that it could kill by a glance.

III. ii. 51. **Gore blood**: coagulated blood — an archaic expression suitable to the Nurse's character, just as "swounded" for "swooned" is.

III. ii. 86. **Wish**. Notice how quickly Juliet turns upon the Nurse when she blames Romeo, though she has herself been saying worse things.

III. ii. 98. **Tributary**. "Tears should be a tribute paid to woe; but I am weeping for what is really a joy," is Juliet's thought.

III. ii. 116. **Rearward**. Many editors read rearword; but rearward is the reading of the folio. The word is used figuratively.

SCENE III

III. iii. 34. **Courtship**: the behavior of court life.

III. iii. 51. **Banished**: pronounced with three syllables. In this play upon the word by both Romeo and Juliet we have an instance of the fine use a genius may make of a popular form. The intensity of their love is thus portrayed with artistic effect by repeating the word "banished" with varied comment.

III. iii. 63. **Dispute**: reason with you.

III. iii. 90. **O**: grief or lamentation.

III. iii. 114. **Holy order**: the order of monks to which he belonged.

III. iii. 115. **Better temper'd**: in the sense that steel is tempered.

III. iii. 123. **Which**: who.

III. iii. 130. **Wit**: wisdom.

III. iii. 146. **Decreed**. Notice that here, as in every step taken by Romeo and Juliet after their meeting, they have the sanction of Friar Laurence, who represents the church and spiritual righteousness.

III. iii. 151. **Blaze**: to publish or make known.

III. iii. 166. **Stands all your state**: upon this depends your fortune.

III. iii. 171. **Chances here**. These lines prepare us for the news that reaches Romeo later in the play.

SCENE IV

III. iv. 11. **Mew'd**. A mew was the place in which a hawk was kept when it was moulting; hence we have the idea of imprisonment. Juliet is mew'd up, because of her grief.

III. iv. 12. **Desperate tender**: a bold offer. Capulet is capricious and headstrong. He suddenly determines not to wait for Juliet's consent, but to marry her to Paris at once.

III. iv. 33. **Light . . . ho!** The closing of a scene with a rhymed couplet or with some such formal statement as is used here, was a stage convention frequently followed by Shakespeare.

SCENE V

III. v. 7. **Envious**: malignant.

III. v. 23. **Care**: concern.

III. v. 29. **Division**: a musical term meaning to give a

variety of shorter notes to one strain — something like warbling.

III. v. 31. **Change eyes.** A common saying was that the lark and the toad had changed eyes, because the lark has homely eyes and the toad fine ones.

III. v. 34. **Hunt's-up:** a tune played early in the morning to waken the hunters.

III. v. 54. **Ill-divining soul.** Here again we have that prescience of ill which Romeo felt when he went to Capulet's entertainment: — "My mind misgives some consequence, yet hanging in the stars, shall bitterly begin his fearful date with this night's revels."

III. v. 74. **Want of wit.** Heartless and artificial Lady Capulet considers that much grief shows lack of wisdom!

III. v. 82. **Be: are.**

III. v. 98. **Poison.** Lady Capulet's suggestion — to poison Romeo — rouses all of Juliet's native wit for his protection, and she pretends to fall in with the plot. Shakespeare uses a favorite device of his day when he makes us follow two trains of thought in what Juliet says of Romeo.

III. v. 124. **News indeed.** Juliet's sudden outbreak of indignation at the news Lady Capulet brings, seems like a swift awakening to conscious womanhood, and forms a refreshing contrast to the concealment and dissimulation that precedes it.

III. v. 141. **Her grave.** Does this speech suggest a loving, sensible mother?

III. v. 142. **Take me with you.** Let me understand what you mean.

III. v. 149. **Is meant love.** Juliet, in her distracted, tormented condition, tries to say something that will soothe her irate, unreasonable parent and at the same time prevent the marriage. Her words only call forth a tirade which shows the nature of Lord Capulet.

Perhaps the nature of her parents, as disclosed in this scene, may help us to understand why Juliet had not told them of her love for Romeo. Not only the enmity between the families but the hard, artificial attitude of both father and mother show that she could not gain either their sympathy or wise counsel in this matter.

III. v. 150. **Chop-logic:** one who pretends to present philosophic arguments for the sake of deceiving or misleading others.

III. v. 152. **Minion:** saucy person—especially one who has been a favorite.

III. v. 154. **Fettle:** prepare.

III. v. 157. **Carrion.** Such coarse expressions did not seem quite so offensive in Shakespeare's day as in ours. — In the midst of his vituperation, notice how vividly we get the picture of Juliet's white face, as with suppressed feeling, she tries to explain — perhaps to confess.

III. v. 169. **Hilding:** a base wretch.

III. v. 186. **Mammet:** a doll or puppet.

III. v. 186. **Her fortune's tender:** when good fortune presents itself to her.

III. v. 190. **Graze.** Note the brutal suggestion that she may find food with the cattle.

III. v. 191. **Do not use:** am not accustomed. In this

scene of unbridled rage, Shakespeare is perhaps following a stage tradition. The irate parent was a spectacle that pleased the pit.

III. v. 214. **Some comfort, nurse.** The pathos of Juliet's unavailing appeal to father and mother, and then to the nurse, gains our entire sympathy. The coarse, unfeeling advice of the nurse throws her back upon the Friar for refuge. He represents here, as elsewhere in the play, spiritual righteousness.

III. v. 222. **Green.** Green eyes were considered particularly beautiful.

III. v. 242. **Power to die.** Juliet prefers death to dishonor.

ACT IV. SCENE I

IV. i. 13. **Minded:** kept in mind.

IV. i. 18. **Wife.** Paris's greeting indicates his expectation only.

IV. i. 27. **Be of more price:** be worth more.

IV. i. 34. **To my face.** This interview again illustrates a form of conversation popular in the sixteenth century literature, in which the wit turns upon suggestions in words, which are followed in the tenor of the thought. Through it all, however, we see that Juliet says nothing in acceptance of Paris's love.

IV. i. 38. **Evening mass:** vespers.

IV. i. 39. **Pensive:** sad.

IV. i. 54. **With this knife.** Ladies in Shakespeare's day usually wore daggers.

IV. i. 67. **Speak.** To us, this constant play upon words sounds artificial in a speech of such deep emotional content. Perhaps it is a defect of Shakespeare's earlier work; perhaps a custom of his day.

IV. i. 78. **Yonder tower:** just a poetic expression for *any* tower rather than one particular one.

In this list of tests of her love which Juliet proposes, Shakespeare follows a traditional and popular fondness for categories.

IV. i. 83. **Chapless:** without fleshly covering of jaws.

IV. i. 96. **Humour.** Humour has no such meaning for us as Shakespeare has in this. Various humours, or fluids, were supposed by old medical authorities to permeate the human body and produce changes in physical and mental conditions.

IV. i. 113. **Against:** in preparation for the time when thou shalt awake.

IV. i. 114. **Drift:** the direction our plans are taking.

IV. i. 119. **Toy:** a thing of little value — here an idle or foolish fancy.

SCENE II

IV. ii. 22. **Ruled by you.** While we cannot help regretting Juliet's deception, we must not fail to remember in justification that she could not gain the help and sympathy of her parents, and that Friar Laurence had counselled her.

IV. ii. 33. **Closet:** bed-room.

SCENE III

IV. iii. 1. **Attires:** a comprehensive word, not in use now, to include all articles of attire.

IV. iii. 5. **Cross**: perverse.

IV. iii. 25. **Minister'd**: administered.

IV. iii. 35. **Strangled**: smothered.

IV. iii. 42. **Green**: used in the same sense as we sometimes use it for vegetables or fruit.

IV. iii. 47. **Mandrakes**. Many superstitions have existed concerning the mandrake, whose root is shaped something like the body of a man. The belief that it was found near graves, and that the shriek which it gave when torn from the ground would cause madness, was a common one.

IV. iii. 49. **Distraught**: distracted — perhaps to madness.

IV. iii. 57. **Stay**. Hold, or keep away. It is supreme genius that makes Juliet's sensitive, imaginative nature work itself up to a climax of horrors before she drinks from the vial.

SCENE IV

IV. iv. 2. **Pastry**. The room where *paste* was made for pies, cakes, etc.

IV. iv. 4. **Curfew-bell**. The same bell that was rung for curfew (*couvre-feu*) at eight or nine o'clock in the evening was sometimes rung at other hours.

SCENE V

IV. v. 10. **Aqua vitæ**. "Water of life" — probably unrectified alcohol; but the term was used for any form of ardent spirits.

IV. v. 73. **Rosemary**. An emblem of immortality, per-

haps because it is an evergreen. It was used in various ways at funerals and at weddings.

IV. v. 77. Reason's merriment. In this couplet perhaps the Friar hints at the fact that Juliet is not really dead.

IV. v. 88. *Lour*: lower, meaning threaten.

IV. v. *Heading*. Enter Peter. It was the custom to have some sort of diversion between parts of a play. Shakespeare often connected them with the play, though they seem inappropriate. This scene was given to Will Kempe, a popular comedian.

IV. v. 99. *Heart's ease*: a popular tune which is still extant.

IV. v. 102. *Dump*: a recognized musical term in Shakespeare's time, meaning a sad strain in music to fit a slow dance, which was also called a dump.

IV. v. 108. *Gleek*. To give the gleek means to scoff at a person, or to make a joke at his expense.

IV. v. 112. *Crotchets*: musical notes of short duration. — There is a pun here on another meaning of the word — a notion or fancy.

ACT V. SCENE I

V. i. 1. *Flattering truth of sleep*. Romeo feels a presentiment of some good fortune, based on a dream which, if he may trust to its truth, is flattering, or favorable, to him. Shakespeare made use frequently of this feeling of presentiment. Often the character disregards the feeling which might have saved him from disaster.

V. i. 3. **My bosom's lord.** According to the figure, his spirit, or soul, rules him as a lord does his manor.

V. i. 24. **Then I defy you, stars:** a concentrated, dramatic expression of anguish. He will not wait for the "stars" to decide his fate; he will go at once to Verona and die. The latter thought is expressed in "Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night" — in the tomb.

V. i. 27. **Patience:** three syllables.

V. i. 39. **Weeds:** clothing. We have a survival of it in "A widow's weeds."

V. i. 40. **Simples:** herbs.

V. i. 42. **A tortoise hung.** This enumeration of details which had impressed him when he was idly wandering about Mantua is a natural, semi-conscious activity of the mind which often accompanies a strong, set purpose with which these details are associated.

This is, by the way, a very accurate statement of articles commonly seen in an apothecary's shop in olden times.

V. i. 60. **Gear:** substance or matter, probably with some reference to that which helps to produce an effect — like the gear of machinery.

V. i. 64. **Any he:** any person.

V. i. 67. **Starveth:** an intentional use of the singular number with a compound subject.

SCENE II

V. ii. 18. **Was not nice:** was on some trifling subject.

SCENE III

V. iii. 4. **Hollow ground**: a reference to the fact that sound passes easily through the ground.

V. iii. 17. **And weep**. These lines are in the form of a conventional lyric lamentation.

V. iii. 32. **Dear**: important.

V. iii. 45. **Detestable**. This word was formerly pronounced with the accent on the first syllable; so the metre was correct.

V. iii. 51. **Supposed**: pronounced with three syllables as *ed* is usually a separate syllable in Shakespeare's works.

V. iii. 84. **A lantern**. This may mean a spacious round or turret full of windows, which illuminated a larger space—as the lantern at Ely Cathedral.

V. iii. 104. **Set up my rest**. In the early use of fire-arms, it was necessary to set up a rest, on which the gun was placed before it could be fired; hence, the expression came to mean a decided preparation for action. Of course Romeo is also playing on the word "rest."

V. iii. 105. **Yoke**. A yoke is the ancient symbol of slavery. Romeo says he will shake off the yoke of the grief which his unfavorable fate has put upon him.

V. iii. 110. **Conduct**: conductor.

V. iii. 127. **Fearfully**: with words that aroused fear.

V. iii. 164. **Heading**. **Enter Watch**. The dramatic contrast between the emotional, subjective scene that has just been enacted and the practical commonplace words of the watchman is most effective.

V. iii. 197. **House: sheath.**

V. iii. 210. **Mouth of outrage:** the expression of outraged feeling.

V. iii. 260. **Her nurse is privy.** Her nurse is in the secret.

V. iii. 262. **His: its;** the antecedent is "life."

V. iii. 289. **All are punished.** Notice that it is the Prince, the highest representative of the community, who points out the heavy punishment which the feud has brought. Capulet and Montague realize the wrong too late — it is a tragedy.



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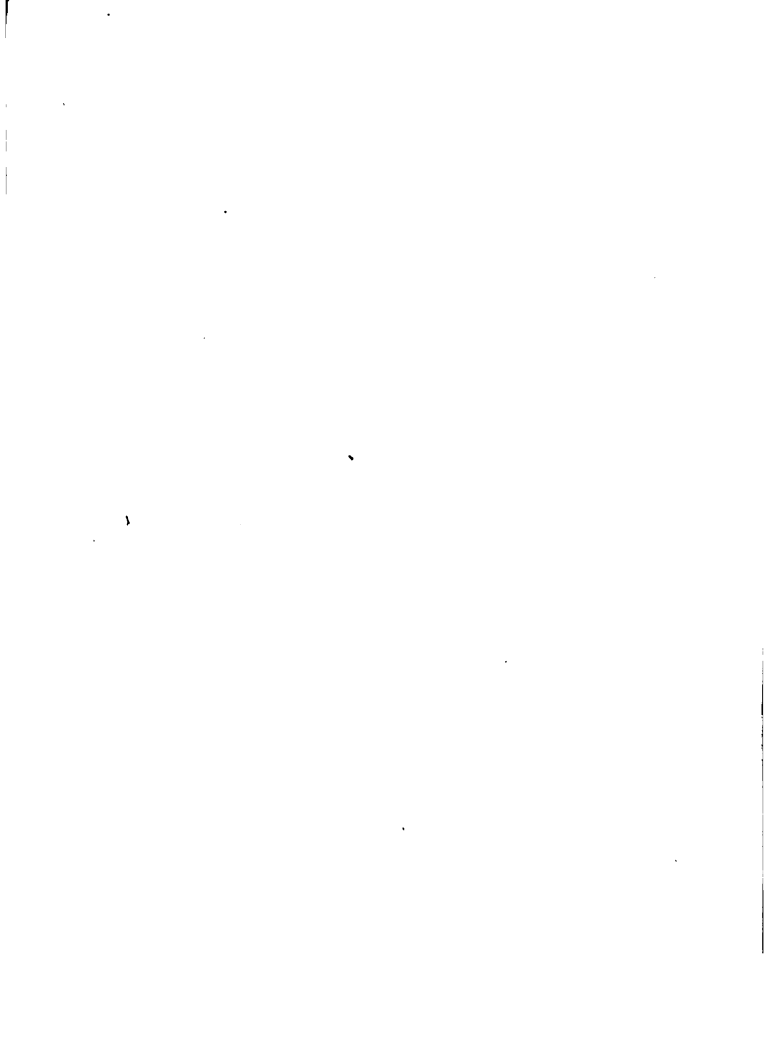




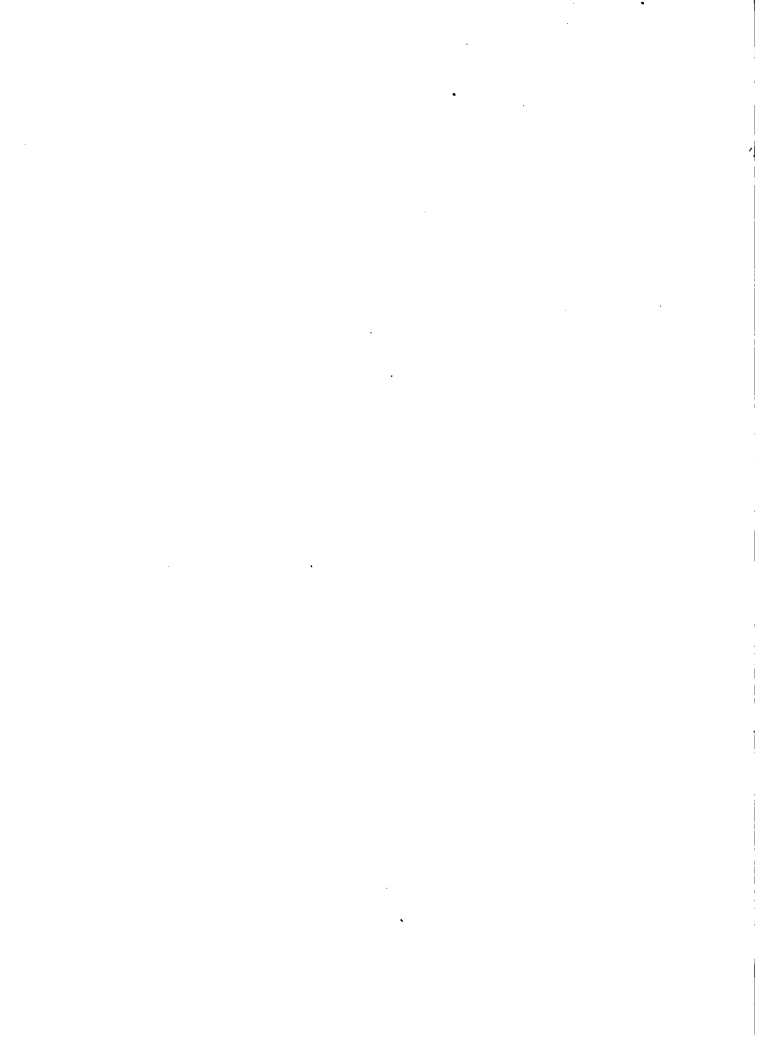




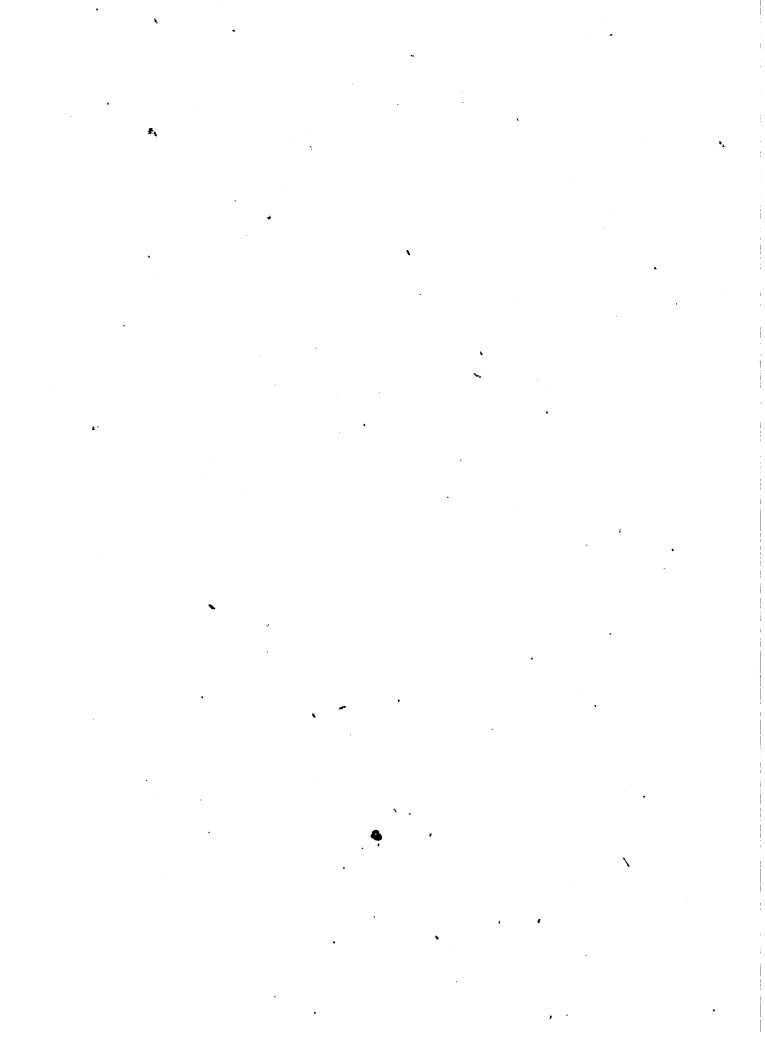












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